

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 5.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1837.

NUMBER 14.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

G. W. MILLETT.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance. One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of six months. Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it. Correspondence, and Letters on business must be addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

Splendid Description of Constantinople.

From Lamartine's pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Here it is that God and man, nature and art have placed, or created in concert, a landscape that has nothing like it in this planet of ours. I uttered an involuntary cry, and obliterated forever from the tablets of my mind the Bay of Naples with all its enchantments. To compare any thing with such a concentration of loveliness and magnificence is to insult creation.

A few paces distant on the left, from the walls supporting the circular terraces that bound the spacious garden of the grand seraglio, separated from the sea by a narrow flagged footway, continually washed by the perpetual current of the Bosphorus, in little blue rippling waters, like the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. The insensible slopes to the Sultan's palace, whose gilded domes are discernible through the gigantic heads of palm trees and eucalyptuses, are themselves planted with similar trees, whose huge trunks tower above the walls, while the branches, scorning the boundaries of the gardens, overhang the sea with thick canopies of foliage, and shadow the cacaques. Our rowers suspended their oars occasionally under their shade. Here and there these groups of trees are broken by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilt and sculptured gates opening upon the sea; or batteries of copper and bronze cannon, of antique and uncouth forms.

The great windows of these maritime palaces overlook the sea, and glimpses may now and then be caught of the lustrous and gilt ceilings of the apartments, sparkling through the venetian blinds; while at every step elegant Moorish fountains springing from the seraglio wall, fall murmuring from the height of the gardens into marble couches, from which the passers by may quench their thirst. A few Turkish soldiers lie stretched at their ease beside these fountains, while numbers of masterless dogs are wandering along the quay, and some of them sleeping in the embrasures. As the boat passed along these walls the prospect expanded before us, we neared the Asiatic coast, and the eye began to trace the mouth of the Bosphorus between a line of sombre hills and an opposite range, which appeared to be painted in all the tints of the rainbow. Here we again rested; the smiling coast of Asia, only about a mile distant, was stretched on our right, its broad and high hills standing forward in relief, crowned with black forests of sharp pointed trees, the champagne was fringed with trees, and studded with red painted houses—perpendicular sides of the ravines, tapestried with verdant plants and sycamores, whose branches dipped in the stream.

Farther off, the hills were still loftier, then declined in green slopes till they formed a large advance cape, bearing on its brow the considerable town of Scutari, with its white barracks, resembling a royal chateau—its mosques, with their glittering minarets—its quays, and its creeks, &c.

The channel presents in the distant perspective, an uninterrupted chain of villages, fleets at anchor or in sail, little ports shaded with trees, scattered houses and spacious palaces, with their rose gardens abutting upon the sea. A few minutes rowing carried us forward to that precise point the Golden Horn, from whence the eye may revel, at one view, over the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the entire haven, or more properly the interior Sea of Constantinople. There we forgot Marmora, the Asiatic coast, and the Bosphorus, to give our undivided and admiring contemplation of the Golden Horn and the seven towns suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, of converging towards the arm of the sea, which unites the whole in one unique and incomparable city; at once city, country, seaport, river banks, gardens, woody mountains, profound valleys, throngs of houses, streets and masts, tranquil lakes, and enchanting solitudes; a view of which no pencil can delineate more than by detached fragments, and of which, at every stroke of the oar, the eye and the soul imbibe an entirely new aspect and impression.

The seraglio retired from us, and grew larger as it retired; in proportion as the eye embraced a further scope of the vast outlines of its walls, and the multitudes of its slopes, trees, kiosks, and palaces. Its site alone would suffice for the seat of a large town. The port advanced, and gradually came more developed, winding, like a canal between the sides of hanging mountains. It has no appearance of a port but resembles that of the Thames or any other large river, enclosed by two hilly banks studded with towns, and both shores choked with interminable fleets at anchor in front of the line of houses. We sailed through the innumerable hosts of ships, some at anchor, others making sail for the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, or the Black Sea, comprising vessels of every form, of every size, and of all flags, from the Arab

bark with its projecting and elevated prow, similar to the beak of the ancient galleys, to the magnificent three decker, with shining bronze walls, hundreds of Turkish cacaques, little boats which answer the purpose of carriages upon the maritime streets of this amphibious city, guided by one or two rowers in silk sleeves, were threading their way between the more massive structures, crossing each other's path, coming in contact without being capsize, and pass each other like a crowd in the public squares; whilst clouds of albatross, like beautiful white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, flying to a more distant elbowing station to cradle themselves upon the waves. I cannot attempt to reckon the vessels, the frigates, brigs, sloops, and boats, which, moving or stationary, cover the waters of the port of Constantinople, from the mouth of the Bosphorus, and the point of seraglio, to the suburbs of Etyoub, and the delicious valleys of sweet waters. The Thames in London, offers nothing comparable to their number.

Whenever I ascend to the belviders to enjoy this view, (and I do several times a day, and invariably every evening) I cannot conceive how the many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have felt the beauty which it presents to my eye and my mind. Why has no one described it? It is because words have neither space, horizon, nor colors, and that painting is the only language of the eye. But painting itself has never portrayed all that is here. The pictures I have seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines and colors without life, none convey an idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of the atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole and the colossal grandeur of these lines—the movements and interwindings of the different horizon—the moving sails scattered over the three seas—the murmur of the busy population on the shores—the report of the cannon on board the vessels—the flags waving from the mast heads—the floating cacaques—the vaporous reflection of domes, mosques, steeples, and minarets in the sea; all this has never been described.

I could not have believed that sky, earth, sea and man, could produce such a combination of enchanting prospects; the transparent mirror of the sky or of the sea alone can reflect them in their whole expanse. My imagination also embraces them in this extended way; but my memory cannot retain and reproduce them except in a little successful details. I therefore traced singly every different point of view as I glided along in my cacaque. A painter would require years to depict only one shore of the Bosphorus. The landscape changes at every glance, and its varieties present renewed beauty. What can I say in a few words?

The seraglio is characterized by the feeling which predominates among the people, viz: love of nature. The admiration of beautiful prospects, groves, fountains, the expanse of the sea, and the horizon bounded by chains of snow capped mountains is the ruling instinct of the nation. In this may be traced the recollections of a pastoral and agricultural people who love to cherish the remembrance of their origin, and whose auster are all simple and instinctive. They have raised the palaces of their sovereigns, the capital hill in the empire, and perhaps in the whole world. The seraglio has neither the external grandeur, nor the internal luxury of a European palace.

Its charms consists in its spacious gardens with trees intertwining free and external as a virgin forest, with fountains murmuring, and ring doves cooing, it is the same throughout all Turkey. Sovereign and subjects, rich and poor, have but one want, one feeling in the choice and arrangement of their dwellings, viz: to charm the eye with a beautiful prospect. If the situation of the house, and poverty of the owner preclude this luxury, then, at least there is a tree, a sheep, and a dove cot, in a path of ground surrounding the hut.

They live in harmony with the clouds of white turtle doves, which cover the domes of all the Kiams and Mosques, and they do not even scarce the swallow. The Turks themselves live in peace with all the animate and inanimate creation—trees birds, or dogs—they respect every thing God has made. They extend their humanity to those inferior animals which are neglected, or persecuted among us.

CREDULITY IN INDIA.

An amusing anecdote related by Bishop Heber, gives us a good idea of the foibles and ignorance of one of the petty princes of India, and the meanness of the minister who managed his affairs. The fondness of the king for mechanics (says the Bishop) led him to try some experiments, in which he fell in with a Mussulman engineer, of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word—"If he were wise, to leave Lucknow." The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop of every size, and of all flags, from the Arab

ble friend, was told he was dead of the cholera, ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. Some time after, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood. He was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to the shore, and to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain such a man was dead. "Undoubtedly," was the reply; "I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children." "Harumzada," said the king, bursting into a fury, "look there and never see my face more." The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes for the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter: then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of "God be merciful! Satan is strong!" In the name of God keep the devil from me!" he said "I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object." "Touch him," said the king, "the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality." "Intufallah!" said the favorite; "and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?" The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation.

"It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty's late engineer, with whom peace is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlooky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty dismiss us; I will see him conducted to his grave; it may be that when it is opened, he may enter it again peacefully." The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that if he did not put himself upon the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning, if he ever trod the earth again it should be as a vampire indeed. This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses.

HOME. No man of sensibility, after battling with the perplexities of the out door world, retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fireside; he hears with joy the lisp of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee, to tell some wonderful tale about nothing, or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy peach like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father, but I can easily fancy the feelings of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business: "What go we out for to see?" the reed of ambition shaken by the breath of the multitude; cold hearted traders and brokers, traffickers and over reachers, anxious each to circumvent, and turn to his purse the golden tide in which all would dabble. Look at the homes of the most of these. There the wife waits for her husband; and while she feels that anxiety for his presence, which may be called the hunger of the heart; she feels her spirit with the memory of his smile; or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledges of affection as they stand like olive branches around his table.

Hints for the Preservation of Health.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Never meddle with medicines, unless some disorder of the system renders them really necessary. Remember the friendly warning in the epitaph on an old grave stone: "I was well; would be better; took physic; and here I am."

Observe the effects of particular articles on your system, and indulge or refrain accordingly. To preserve the digestive organs in good order, may almost be called the one thing needful, as it regards bodily health.

If not as well as usual, eat nothing; fasting and cold water are the best physicians, nineteen times out of twenty.

Do not eat a variety of things at the same meal; nor indulge merely for the pleasure of it, when the wants of nature are satisfied. Avoid rich and stimulating articles of food and drink.

Take your meals at regular hours. Many think distilled liquors are necessary for those who work in cold, damp places; but in fact they only increase the danger of taking cold. Their effects are evil continually.

Sleep in rooms with a free circulation of air. Have no fire burning, or fragrant flowers in the room. Do not cover your face with the bed-clothes. Have clean bed linen once a week. Do not have a current of air blowing directly on your bed.

Feather beds are debilitating, except in the very coldest weather.

Rise early, and retire to rest in good season. Regularity in food and sleep is great preservative of health.

Be not afraid of fatigue. That kind of exercise is best which employs body and mind. A walk in connection with active business, or to relieve the necessities of the destitute, is worth ten walks merely for exercise.

Very many humors and diseases originate in a want of personal cleanliness.

Wash your whole person thoroughly, once or twice a week; and rub yourself with a coarse crash towel, or brush, till the surface glows. This is particularly salutary for those who sew a good deal, or lead any kind of a sedentary life. It done at night, it is apt to induce refreshing sleep. Many a consumption might be prevented by proper regard to this suggestion.

Those troubled with cold feet and a tendency of blood to the head will find it an excellent remedy to dip their feet in cold water, as soon as they are out of bed, all the year round. The feet should be merely dipped, & taken out instantly; then rubbed with a coarse cloth, or brush, till they glow.—None but very weakly people could possibly be injured by it.

Clean your teeth with a brush and cold water in the morning, and rinse them once or twice a day; above all, have them clean when you go to bed, that they may not collect impurities during the night. To chew charcoal once or twice a week, sweetens the breath, and tends to preserve the teeth from decay; it will sometimes even arrest it when begun. To use it merely as a tooth powder is far less salutary. Tooth-picks, by keeping the teeth well separated and cleansed, help to preserve them. Metal ones are injurious; those made of quill are uncleanly, being commonly kept for some time; the best ones are made of willow, or some pliable wood,—they do not hurt the gums, and are thrown away when used. All substances very hot, or cold, are hurtful to the teeth; likewise smoking and chewing tobacco; and too free use of very sweet articles, and excess of animal food.

The frequent use of a fine ivory comb is not good for the hair. It is better to wash the head often in cool water, and brush it very thoroughly. If the hair comes out very much, sea-water, or water with salt dissolved in it, is much recommended as a frequent bath. Cleanliness is good for the hair as well as for other parts of the body.

Wash the eyes thoroughly in cold water. Do not sew, or read, at twilight, or by too dazzling light. If far-sighted, read with rather less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye, than you desire; if near-sighted, read with a book as far off as possible. Both these imperfections may be thus diminished.

If flannel has been worn on the throat, choose the morning of a mild day to remove it, and be careful about exposure to the cold for some days after.

If stockings and shoes get wet, change them.—It is a mistaken idea that it is healthy to dry them on.

Be careful not to put on clothes before they are aired. Avoid sitting upon the damp ground, or sleeping in damp sheets.

A feather-bed is the safest place in a severe thunder storm. The middle of the room is a better seat than near windows, or fire-places. Metals attract lightning. Trees are an unsafe shelter.

After exposure to severe cold, do not suddenly approach a fire, or drink hot drinks; but acquire warmth very gradually.

If you find yourself seriously ill, send for a good physician—one who understands his trade.

ELOQUENCE AND PIETY.

The following gem is the closing part of an address by the Rev. Professor Ware, Jr. to the Students of Harvard College on the last Sunday of the Academic year:

"We look on your departure, young friends, with affectionate and anxious interest. Never again shall we meet you in all these sacred services. The ties which have bound us together so long, in the daily offerings to God and the weekly sympathies of the Sabbath, are now to be severed, to be united again, may we hope—or must we fear?—in the perfect enjoyment of that eternal Sabbath, in which the toils of earth are to be ended, and the perfected spirit to be blest.

Meantime, for you, and for us, the work of life goes on; may it be to our daily and uninterrupted growth in knowledge and virtue, till we reach the completeness of our moral and spiritual being? We commend you to your labors and trials. We pray for your success and for your happiness. We charge you to be faithful to your great trusts. Do not be satisfied with the education you have received, nor live in the midst of infinite knowledge as if you had already attained. Do not propose to yourselves any merely earthly object of pursuit, as if any thing mortal was worthy to content the immortal. Society is crying out for the aid of perfectly developed men—for the service of minds well proportioned and well principled. Answer its call. Uphold its institutions. Arm yourselves stoutly against all tyranny of one or of the many against life, or liberty, or right. Do something, do all you can, to be true counsellors to that sovereign power, public opinion, and to save

the land from being ruined by the vice of the ignorant or the knavery of the knowing. Whenever you go, carry the upright front of the true scholar, the frankness and fairness of the true philosopher, the boldness and meekness of the holy apostles, the self-sacrificing devotion of the sainted martyr. Then you shall be the terror of the ill doing, and stay, for a time at least, the perils of the people.

Last of all, and above all, consecrate yourself to God. You are not your own; you have no strength of yourselves; consecrate yourselves to God.—Work for him. Ally yourselves to his councils and his purposes, and secure the co-operation of his will. In the deep life of the spirit, commune with him and thus nourish yourselves in all goodness.—In the affectionate imitation of Jesus Christ, commend yourselves to his blessing, and so find strength and peace. In the hope and prospect of eternity, toil on, rejoicing and persevering, through good report and evil report, knowing that your witness is in Heaven, your record on high. And then, when the day of life shall be done, its discipline ceased, its preparation ended, then may your ripened spirits pass to the final award of the good and faithful; then may you find, one and all, that you have indeed attained, are at length perfect, and among the glorified immortals of Heaven, are partakers of the prize of the high calling in Jesus Christ.

We part from you at the Altar here, Let us meet you at the Throne hereafter."

A BROTHER'S LOVE.—There is something transcendently virtuous in the affections of a high-hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows upon himself. He can press her bright lips and fair forehead, and still she is unpolluted—he can watch the blush steel over her features when he tells her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart. With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for her brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempest of the world; as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed; as one whose honor is connected with her own; and who durst not see her insulted with impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine—and though she may fear all others of mankind, she is secure and confident in the love and protection of her brother. Nothing affords man such satisfaction, and nothing entwines a sister so affectionately among his sympathies and interests as profound reliance on her diffidence and delicacy. As these two latter are far the most delightful qualities of a beautiful female, so are they the strongest spells for enticing away the affections of the other sex. A female without delicacy is a woman without principle; and as innate and shrinking perception as virtue is a true characteristic of a pure-hearted creature, so it is the most infallible union between hearts that truly beat in response to each other.—There is more tenderness in the disposition of a woman than a man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulses; it cannot be quenched by aught on earth, and will outlive all selfish and sordid attachments. A deep rooted regard for a gentle creature born of the noblest feelings of our nature, and were every other feelings of human nature dead save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountain of virtue and principle was not yet sealed.—Portland Transcript.

JUSTICE. A white trader sold a quantity of powder to an Indian, and imposed upon him by making him believe it was a grain which grew like wheat, by sowing it upon the ground. He was greatly elated by the prospect, not only of raising his own powder, but of being able to supply others, and thereby becoming immensely rich. Having prepared his ground with great care, he sowed his powder with the utmost exactness in the spring. Month after month passed away, but his powder did not even sprout, and winter came before he was satisfied that he had been deceived. He said nothing; but some time after, when the trader had forgotten the trick, the same Indian succeeded in getting credit of him to a large amount. The time set for payment having expired, he sought out the Indian at his residence, and demanded payment for his goods. The Indian heard his demand with great complaisance; then, looking him shrewdly in the eye, said, "He pay you when my powder grow." This was enough. The guilty white man quickly retraced his steps, satisfied, we apprehend, to balance his account with the chagrin he had received.

The man who can only scoff in his heart, at the recollection of his first love, however extravagant and ill-directed it may have been, is not to be trusted with another's life. He scorns his own.

THE WRONGER NEVER PARDONS.—"The oppressor," said Lord Brougham in a speech, "always errs. Those who begin with hurting, such is the perversity of human nature, always end with hating."

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